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Sh—— GHOST TO DOCTOR OATS. IN A VISION.

Concerning the JESUITS and LORDS in the TOWER.

IT was about the time when the Tavern Doors were shut up, and all Mortals were retir'd to their Rest, save the Club at the Devil, who were in a hot fit of Wine and Argument, about the Election of a new King of *Poland*, when the *Ghost* of the late King *Tapsky* came boulting through the Keyholes of my Chamber-Door.

He seem'd like the Emblem of Envy, his Hairs turn'd into Serpents, his Tap into a Pump, spouting with Sulphur and corroded Poison, with a long Veil of Hypocrisie Ermin'd and Spotted with Blood.

In this Gastly-sight he appear'd by my Bed-side, where after a strong Debauch of *French*-Wine, and *Italian*-Love, falling into a pleasant Slumber, I began as usually, to Dream of a Parliament, when thus the *Ghost* apply'd himself unto me.

Ghost. Thou Fool, thou flatters thy self with the hopes of a Parliament; thou Prates, and Talkest, and Dreamest, of Parliaments, when they will make no more for Thee, then thou hast made for the Protestant Interest, since thou turn'd Hypocrite, and put on the *Salamanca* Robes.

Astonish'd at the unexpected Spectre, in a Bloody Sweat and Panick Fear, I crept under the smoaking Blankets, least he came to Involve me and the Nation in a new Plot, or with a Sammons, to fetch me into the other World, when thus he apply'd himself to me.

Fear not (Friend) thy time is not yet come, though thou scap'd the late Buttocking, thou shalt Reign a while, though it be but short, we have use for such necessary Instruments upon Earth, to bring our Projects to Perfection.

Thou knowest (Doctor) how many Jorneys thou hast made to the Tower, when I was there, where we laid the Foundation of all our Designs, and 'tis but fit I shou'd make one Sally from Hell to give Thee thanks for the good Service thou hast done us. The Plot was well carried on at first, the Jesuits was a clever Jobb, and we will Record Thee in our Eternal Rubricks. But for the Lords in the

Tower,

Tower, I am afraid, in this long Reſpeit, they will weather the point, and outlive our Malice; but make uſe of the Artillery I gave thee, and thou may'ſt be able yet, with thy ſtock of Impudence, to venture a Broad-ſide amongſt 'em.

Oats. At this, methought, I began to aſſume freſh Courage, and finding the Devil was not come to fetch me that very Inſtant, I began to argue with him as formerly, and asked of him, if he were Dead, or Alive? or if Dead, where he was diſpoſed of, or what Reward he had found in the other World for all his Indefatigable Pains and Policy, when thus (methought) with a ſhril Voice, and quivering Accent, he Anſwered,

Ghoſt. From Deepeſt Manſions of Hell, where Plots are laid, and Plotters are with us to be Rewarded; I come to tell Thee, That all thy Stratagems are Defeated, thy Villanies Detected, and thy Politicks Undermin'd; thy Artillery will be turn'd upon thy Self, blown up with the Army, which thy ſelf ſo long ago, planted under ground. 'Tis true, I found the Fewel of a Plot, but thou with thy *Boreas*-Noſe, and Blobber-Cheeks, blew the Bellows, which kindled with a Cole of pretended Zeal from the Altar, Encreaſed it to ſuch a hight, that ſome fell a Sacrifice to thy Fury; and what can thou expect but to fall a Sin-offering for the Blood that has been ſpilt. Thou made a Bull for the Deſtruction of Mankind, and like *Phalaris*, muſt expect to Fry in the Flame.

Oats. You Studied and Contrived all.

Ghoſt. Thou Forſwore and Ly'd.

Oats. Did not you perſwade the People all was true, when there was no more in it, than the proſecution of your own Ungodly Ends?

Ghoſt. Did not thou, like a Counterfeit Villain, pretend to give out Blank Commiſſions, which thy ſelf, nor no Man elſe, ever yet beheld, and perſwaded the People that there was a Popiſh Army ready to Invade the Land?

Oats. Did not you, like a little State-Quack, the Rabbles-Mountebank, give out every Day upon the Stage your Two Dozes, of Slavery, and Popery, which made the People run Mad with Mutiny and Rebellion, to the Forfeit of their Allegiance, had not the wiſe Phyſician of the State found an Antidote to Expel your Poiſon.

Ghoſt. A Curſe on him that Betray'd the Cauſe.

Oats. A Curſe on him that made me a Party, and then left me in the Lurch. Pox on your ſquinting Policy.

Ghoſt. Plague on your timerous Folly, why didſt thou not Proſecute the D.

Oats. Why did not you Exclude him?

Ghoſt. Why didſt thou not Swear the K. and Q. into the Plot, that there might be none left to Diſſolve us?

Oats. Why did not you mind your hits, and follow the Joiner at *Oxford*; ſuch *Promethian* Raſhneſs, aiming at the Sun, broke the Neck of a good Plot.

Ghoſt. 'Twas thy ill Management thou Fool, for which thou ſhalt be Haunted by my Ghoſt, thy contradictory Narratives and ſham Commiſſions; a Pox on your *Elliots*, and little *Don Johns*.

Oats. A Pox on your Excluſions, and Aſſociations, your Liberty and Property, your Seditious Speaches and Factious Cabals, were it not for theſe, we might have brought our projects to perfection, and made a good harveſt of it.

Ghoſt. The Gallows! what elſe can thou expect ſince I am gone? But that thou mayſt not ſhame the Devil at laſt by telling one Truth in thy Life, ſpoil all with a mean Confeſſion, and like a whineing Convert, repent the of thee noble Miſ-

chiefs

chiefs thou hast done, hold up thy full Cheek, to loose thy loud and scandalous Tongue, throw up thy copper Snout, and double batch thy brazen Face with the wash of Tinsel Loyalty, and pretended Religion; carry it on with the same Impudence and Hypocrisie, tell the City their Liberties are lost with their Charter, preach Sedition to the People, and warn the Brethren that they submit not to be brought under the Dominion of Popery and Slavery. Tell them the Lord Mayor, and present Sheriffs are Usurpers, and Betrayers of the Rights and Liberties of the Subject, and that you may impose it with more Credit upon the People, stand fast to all you have said or done. Say the *Jesuits* and *Stafford* died justly, for conspiring against the Kings Life, and that the Lords in the *Tower* are guilty of the same; for this Cause make your frequent Visits thither, and view them well, and often, least you should mistake one for the other, or forget the Crimes of which you accuse them.

Keep to the Church, but more the Conventicle, the Gown, but more the Cloak, and let the Canonical Vest and Campaign Coat, do their Offices by turns, since the Brethren love Change, and will do any thing to encourage Faction at any rate.

Oats. Have I not changed, as often as the Camelion does its Colour, with every object that is before it? Have I not changed the City for the Court, the Court for the City, Union for Faction, Religion for Sedition, and do I not change my Religion every Week with my Lodging? But I find all will not do! the Brethrens Charity is grown cold, and I am left, like the Camelion, to the open Air, and for ought I see, am like to have no other Food.

Ghost. Thy last Change is near at hand, but that it be not at *Tyburn*, let the next Change be like mine, for the fresh Air in some Forreign Land. It is full time to do Pennance, thou wilt make an excellent Pilgrim in *Hungary*, to put the Male-Contents against the Emperour, and the *Turk* against both.

Oats. I have not done here yet.

Ghost. Thou hast done enough to make the City too hot for thee, as well as the Court, and it is Impudence beyond Reason, to presume to hold up thy head where I durst not shew my face, forced to flie to save that old projecting Head, and what canst thou hope that has put all those projects in Execution.

Oats. Though I have Impudence enough to brazen it out, I must confess since you were gone, my hopes are turned into despair of making any more of it, and I would willingly turn my self, but that I fear I have so bewitched the People with my Lies and Perjuries, that I should hardly be believed if I speak Truth.

Ghost. That Torments me more than my Pains, least thou by turning Cat in Pan, by some mean discovery, or whineing Confession at the Gallows, thou should'st betray me after Death, and confess who put thee upon it; for it is some Pleasure, even in Torments, to see that our malicious projects take their wished effects.

Oats. They have done too long, would I was well rid on 'em, and cou'd well slip my Neck out of this dangerous Coller.

Ghost. For that Cause I would have thee by my Example flie in time; or if thou dare venture to brazen it out, stick close to what thou hast asserted, and the instructions I gave thee. And hang, though it be with a lie in thy Mouth, the Devil loves no Converts.

Oats. For that matter I do not fear to look the Devil in the Face at the last Gasp. But I am afraid my Memory may fail me in some particulars, without your assistance, and you know how necessary a good Memory is for one of my Profession.

Ghost

Ghost. I will be thy Genius, ready on all occasions at thy Elbow, thou shalt be *Mahomet*, and I thy Pidgeon, to prompt and instruct thee. I will stick to thee even in Death, my Ghost shall never be at rest while I have left any considerable Mischief unattempted, that is yet in thy power to accomplish.

Oats. This generous Kindness and Correspondence renewed even after Death, made me take compassion of the trembling shade, offering him share of my Bed, which (methought) he willingly accepted, laying himself in such a posture as was most suitable for my present Fancy to work upon. He had no sooner laid down, but imagining it had been my old Familiar, whom I had often made use of, on that occasion. I fell in close Embraces, like *Æneas*, in Combat with a Shadow, but with the violent struggling I awaked, which troubled me when I found it was but a Dream.

FINIS.

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